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Ronald Searle and Kaye Webb

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The London Charivari

IN place of the political cartoon this week *Punch* offers seventeen pages of a report on the World Refugee Year by Ronald Searle and Kaye Webb. Their visit to camps in Austria, Italy and Greece was made at the invitation of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees, but what they have to say does not necessarily represent official opinion or policy. The Searles' private report raises acutely the question of how far problems of this order can remain dependent on private charity. Most people are moved by the plight of unfortunates the world over, but being what we are our capacity for sustained sympathy is limited, and help freely given on the spur of immediately aroused sympathy and understanding is just not enough to win the long struggle against want and suffering, neglect and misery. The refugee needs more private charity and more direct help from national governments.

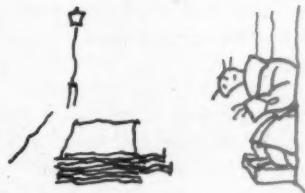
The Kid for Farthings

WHO could withhold applause for Mr. Wolf Mankowitz's artistic

see how long before someone makes him an offer for the ballet and opera rights.

Stronger Lad Wanted

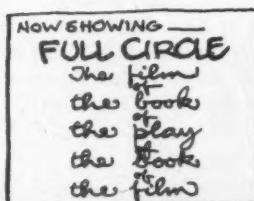
IT is too early to foresee the outcome of Mr. Max Aitken's plea for a reduction in the price of newsprint which "would lead to an increase in the



size of newspapers," but I should imagine that it's bound to mean an increase in the size of Sunday paper-boys.

Preview

THE anniversaries of 1960 seem likely, at the time of writing, to include: Velasquez, Barrie, Schopenhauer, an act allowing pawnbrokers to charge for tickets, *Great Expectations*, the start of Pepys's Diary, the opening in the Bois de Boulogne of a zoological gardens containing only acclimatized animals, the execution of Earl Ferrers, the Thirty-Nine Articles, the introduction of payment for jurors in Athens and the French acquisition of Nice. Notable omissions are Shakespeare, the Battle of Hastings and the Crippen case. On the other hand, Cambridge won the Boat Race and there was a total eclipse of the sun. Chef's Selection: Ethelbert, King of Kent.



economics, in now presenting *Make Me an Offer* as a play after its past successes as a book and a film? I shall be eager to

Next Wednesday
SAM WANAMAKER
 in the series
"Little Brief Authority"
 writes on
"CATCH A CRITIC BY THE TOE"

Better than Rubies

BRITISH universities, harried as they are by their critics for being too small, too few, too antique and far, far too smug, may take comfort from a recent decision in the New Jersey State Supreme Court. Mr. Roy Jacobsen, who was suing Columbia University for failing to teach him wisdom, had his case unanimously dismissed on the ground that "wisdom cannot be defined." Even the critics will admit that over here a university would be on the much stronger ground that it hadn't got it to teach.

Name this Child

ONE thing we can be fairly certain of in 1960 is more and bigger atomic reactors with cosier and cosier names. It's disturbing to read about a machine "capable of liberating 100,000,000,000 neutrons in a pulse lasting a quarter of a microsecond," or a hexagonal prism containing "360 enriched uranium rods in niobium cans": we aren't sure where we are. But give it a name like Hazel (and forget that it's based on Homogeneous Assembly Zero Energy) and you reduce the awe content. The nomenclature experts have been turning to classical mythology lately, with, for instance, NESTOR (Neutral Source Thermal Reactor). This seems bound to spread. I don't know whether the experts are aware of it, but Nestor was the father of PISIDICE, POLYCASTE, PERSEUS, STRATIUS, ARETUS, ECHEPHRON, PISTRATUS, ANTILOCHUS and THRASYMEDES. This is not only just what might be expected of a fast-breeding reactor but offers a number of interesting christening possibilities for the future.

Private and Commercial

OVERHEARING a discussion of the recent case of the dog-owner who hired time on Television to advertise for a lost dog, I fell to wondering about private advertisers. If you can raise the cash can you televise "Personals" or do you have to sell some commercial

product? Apparently you cannot put across political or religious opinions, but you can, for example, advertise for a flat. Recitations from Shakespeare by the hirer are out because they would be entertainment, not advertisement; but a doting father or sugar-daddy might perhaps buy time for a display of the loved one's talent, provided he could also find an advertiser willing to let her kill his commodity.

New Twist

BORED victims of the eternal TV Western brightened a little at the report that a Dusseldorf man was in trouble for rustling cattle on the Hamburg-Bremen autobahn. Could this mean the decline of the Western and the rise of the Teuton? Stroheim and Veidt are no more, but casting directors must have some poker-backed, monocled successor on their books who would bring a new kind of Sheriff to Dodge City, and put some smartness into those unwashed loungers outside the Long Branch Saloon. Fresh dialogue, too. "Too much schadenfreude around here," he says, blowing the smoke out of his gun and surveying the distant prospect of Jack-Boot Hill.

Crossness at the Crossing

A DISTURBING item of news out of Germany is that, in a year, sixty-three level-crossing keepers were threatened by motorists and twenty-six assaulted—this in the land which is supposed to be a motorist's paradise. Are German drivers unusually aggressive? Or is the trouble, as I suspect, that German crossing keepers tend to make the most of the job? British Railways do not appear to keep statistics of such clashes, even for a town like Burton-on-Trent which is notoriously full of level crossings. Was it, I wonder, because of incensed motorists that our crossing keepers were allowed to lock themselves in those little boxes up steep flights of stairs? What do they really brew up there—boiling pitch?

Brave New Cliché

PREPARE, in the coming year, to be bored silly with news of breakthroughs. This is a phrase which is being widely used to fill a long unfeet need. Any new drug is a medical breakthrough and any peep-peep from

space is a break-through by scientists. In *The Observer* the other day we even had "an important break-through in the design of silage-making equipment." Any moment now a new Colin Wilson will achieve a philosophical breakthrough and the Primate will call for a spiritual break-through. You have been warned.

Wider Still and Wider

A LOT of criticism has been aimed at the European Common Market, and now here is someone saying that it will delay the building of the Channel Tunnel. If it is really true that the men behind this delightful project are going to be scared away just because of a possible drop in the volume of British-Continental trade, I urge them to take heart. When the whole of Great Britain has become one vast Pink Zone, the Tunnel will make an ideal car-park.

Dress Regulations

A GRAND blow was struck for freedom when Judge Ryan ruled in a Dublin court that a man might dine in his overcoat in a public restaurant. A lot of us are all too feeble about this kind of thing, and when a head-waiter, or even a publican, tells us that he is sorry but we cannot be served until we have covered up our braces, or put on a tie, or whatever his particular kink may be, we meekly give in to his decision. Now I hope the way is clear for a little more firmness. The next time an innkeeper tells me I am not dressed for his joint I am going to read Judge Ryan's words to him, and if I am not served then, into the County Court he goes.

"In Immaculate Condition"

THE sale of a British cruiser to Peru revives my curiosity about the market in used iron tubes and reeking shards among lesser breeds without the nuclear lore. Presumably the keen-eyed intelligence men of Peru or other purchasing powers know a ship's record and cannot be fobbed off with sales talk to cover up torpedo scars. They know a battle-worthy cruiser when they see one and probably have a shrewd idea of the mileage record and previous owner's care in handling. But if the bargain model is no longer valued by the vendor what sort of a war is it fancied for by the buyer?

— MR. PUNCH

Refugee Year

An interim report
from the sketchbook of Ronald Searle

On the day of its inauguration, June 1st 1959, the World Refugee Year Committee announced a target of two million pounds, and a plan to close the refugee camps of Europe. Seven months later, herculean efforts by a comparatively small number have brought the reported sum in our national kitty to £371,000, but there are 110,000 refugees left in Europe alone, of whom 22,000* are still mouldering away in camps, as most of them have been for the last fifteen years. Believing that first-hand reporting might stir pity, open pocket-books and even relax restrictions more effectively than speeches or statistics, the office of the U.N.H.C.R.† invited Ronald Searle and Kaye Webb to visit some of the camps in Austria, Italy and Greece. In the following pages they submit their report.



* Refugees under the U.N.H.C.R. mandate. There are others but we have no statistics.
† United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees.



A REFUGEE is a man who votes with his feet"—thus Lenin

years ago unwittingly condemned his own doctrines. It would be inaccurate to say that this applies to all the 40,000,000 refugees in the world. Millions of those whom we now choose to call displaced persons are the victims of post-war settlements that sliced and shuffled frontiers regardless of human allegiance and tradition. But there remain hundreds of thousands who are now homeless and hopeless *because* they "voted with their feet," because they ran, walked, or even crawled painfully and perilously away from the countries of their birth to find sanctuary in a Free World.

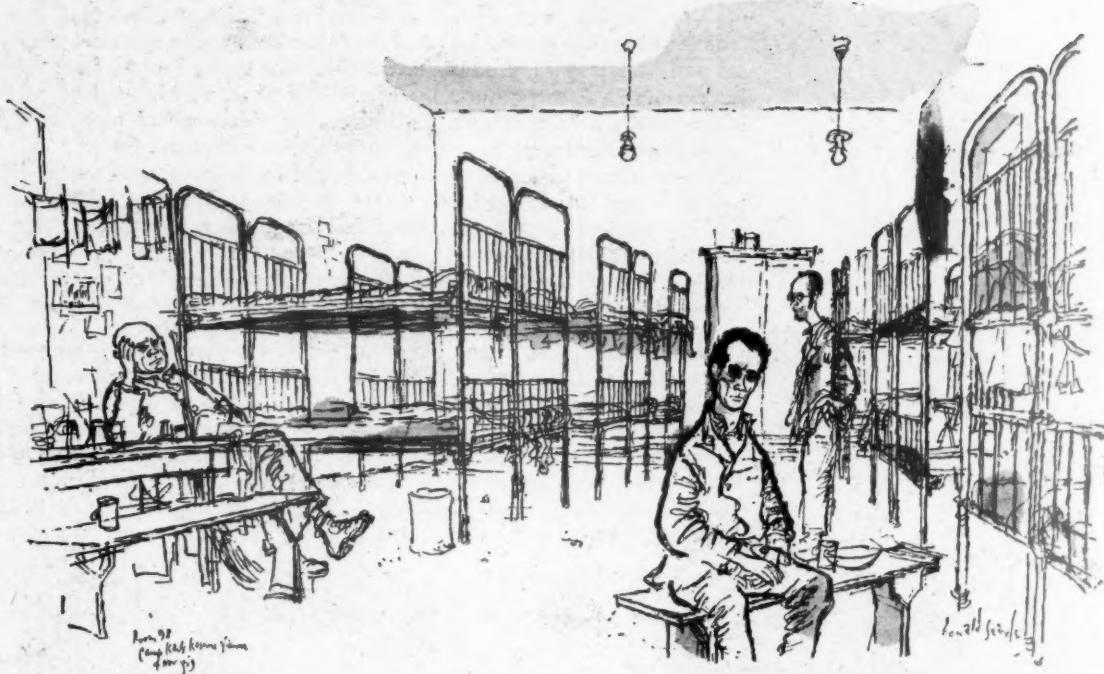
Some of them have found it: many of the 200,000 who came from Hungary in 1956, for instance, because the gallantry and betrayal of the Hungarians shocked and stirred the outside world into positive action. Money suddenly gushed forth, and nations opened their doors. Indeed, some Hungarian refugees who had had the bad judgment to seek freedom too early and had been waiting in Austrian camps for years, slipped back into Hungary and moved across again so that they might be considered as "new" refugees.

But more than 100,000 refugees are still eddying about Europe, without country, home or future. Why? Because they are not young enough, healthy enough or clever enough, or perhaps not good enough; because they have not succeeded in capturing anyone's imagination. In this ludicrous world where a stray child, or dog, can invoke the charity of thousands, multitudes of human beings are left to rot because we are not able to picture their specific misery or taste their gratitude.

The refugees we saw in Austria, Italy and Greece were the ones they called "difficult" cases—families and individuals who have applied for emigration to other countries and, for one reason or another, have been rejected; who in some way have failed on one of the hundreds of counts by which countries of immigration seek to protect the moral and physical attributes of their stock. Sometimes they have been rejected by several different countries. There are families who have waited for years to emigrate to America, only to find at the final medical examination that one among them has developed a shadow on the lung—hardly surprising after years in a damp, cold room on a wretched diet. And although the shadow would disappear after six months' treatment they are still rejected. For some families hopes revive when they hear that another country, Sweden perhaps, actually *wants* T.B. cases. And then they may be told that they aren't ill enough.

Sometimes families have split up. Healthy sons and daughters have gone ahead to make a home for the parents and the younger children, and then after long years, the parents have been told of a sickness or an ill-defined objection which prevents them going anyway. Even hair infections are reasons for refusal, also alcoholism, moral turpitude or an illegitimate baby. There are other families who don't know why they have been rejected (countries are not obliged to offer a reason) and therefore don't know what else they can do or try for.

These rejected refugees live in old army barracks, converted stables, ex-Hitler Youth camps, disused factories, decaying hotels, even ex-concentration camps.



left The Austro-Hungarian frontier at Morbisch where Hungarians poured over in 1956. To-day it is sealed off by a mined strip enclosed by barbed wire fences, and guarded at 3 km. intervals by watchtowers on stilts, manned by sentries with guns and binoculars.

above A single man's dormitory in Karls Kaserne camp (near Vienna). All the men in the picture have been rejected for emigration. The man in the foreground tried to commit suicide after having been turned down for America (suspected T.B.) and Sweden (not sick enough). He now needs mental help, has been offered treatment in asylum and refused it. Everywhere authorities scrupulously respect refugees' freedom of decision, however limited its scope or ill-equipped the patients are to decide.

The better camps have a kindergarten room where young children can stay for a few hours a day, a canteen or YMCA hut which adults can use, and a bathhouse. But the smaller camps are simply bleak little barracks or huts with no communal life. Whole families of 3, 4 and 5 members wash, sleep, cook, eat in one leaking room. In Austria refugees live on a maximum welfare allowance of 360 schillings a month (£4 19s.) which must provide food, fuel, medicine and lighting. But in Austria, at least, it is possible for some of the healthy men to work, though wages are low and automatically cancel the allowance.

In Italy and Greece, both poor and over-populated with a woeful unemployment figure, refugees are fed and issued twice-yearly with clothing (used) but receive no money and may not work. Some of them get unofficial employment as labourers or fruit pickers, but it is risky and uncertain. For the most part, they simply sit about the camp, day in night out, sick of each other's stories, without money or material to make or do things, endlessly debating, worrying, speculating on the next year and the one after, without friends, homes, without plans.

In the big camps there are limited training schemes for tailoring, shoemaking, carpentering, engineering and weaving, but after fifteen years of waiting the chances are that refugees no longer believe in learning anything, or believe that help is possible.

Some of the rejected refugee families still live in "transit" camps where they are taunted by the spectacle of newcomers, young men and women, who often stay quite briefly, before passing through, taking their education, training, their youth and health to one of those countries which until now have had no room for the sick and weak.



right Fifteen years ago Susanne and Wasily Mehedin fled from Bukovina (and the advancing Russian army). They have lived in this room in the unofficial camp of Mühlrading ever since. Wasily has been totally deaf for eight years but has not been able to pay for a hearing aid. Susanne, who has a duodenal ulcer, is temporarily bedridden. On the day of our visit she had been waiting for medicine for three days, having no money and no one to ask for it.

The sampler over the bed was embroidered by Susanne, who accepts her life without complaint, although she speaks wistfully of Bukovina. "We were not rich but we were happy. We spoke four languages in our village, Ukrainian, Rumanian, Polish and German, but we got on well together. Do you know, the first time I heard the word 'foreigner' was when I came to Austria?" The Mehedins' story is not exceptional. They represent hundreds of couples.

right below Anna Barth, the woman in this picture, is forty-five years old. She comes from Yugoslavia. In the last war she and her crippled husband were told to hand over German soldiers who were billeted with them. They refused and so the partisans murdered her husband. At war's end she and her four children were taken to a prison labour camp. Her young son was beaten to death by camp guards and two of her daughters died of starvation. She then had twelve of her teeth pulled out and gave the gold fillings to pay for bread for the last child. "But she was too weak. She died holding the loaf in her arms!"



above Lager 603 (Camp 603) at Astätt Löchen in Upper Austria, housing 75 "old refugees" of mixed nationalities (Ukrainians, Poles, Yugoslavs, Russians, Hungarians and one Armenian), who have been waiting for a solution to their problem for as long as 19 years.

The camp consists mainly of two rows of wooden buildings

divided into individual rooms. Inhabitants buy their own food and fuel out of their Welfare allowance of 360 Austrian schillings (£4 19s.) a month. Having no mutual background and often no common language, they do no more than pass the time of day with each other. Even the children play alone. And at Christmas they celebrate in their own rooms.







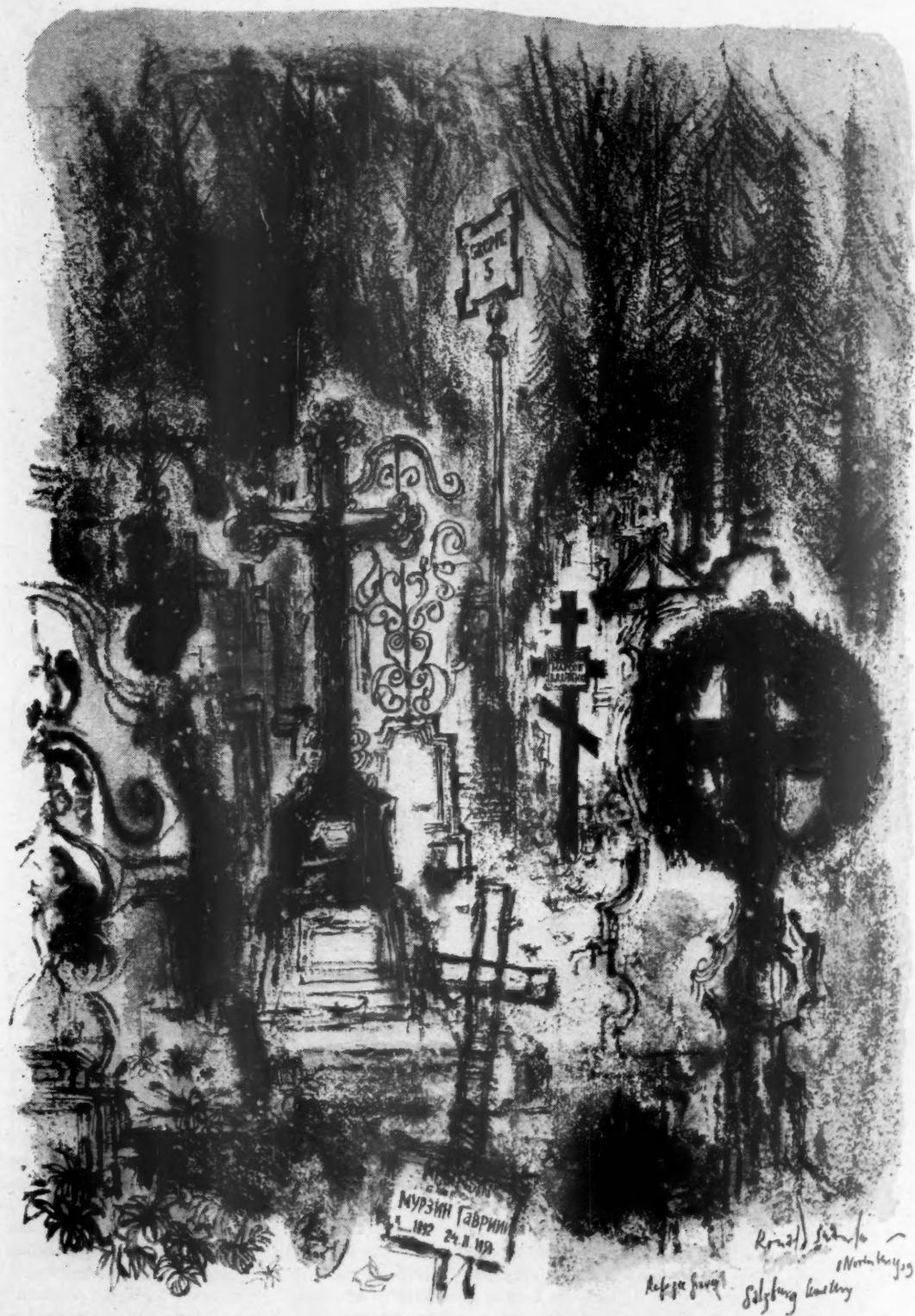
above Therese Fessl (aged 44) and her four children consider themselves fortunate, for they have their own "home"—an old railway coach which they bought with a dearly saved 2,000 schillings. Before this they lived in a camp for three years, but now, Mrs. Fessl says proudly, "at least we have another room for the children to sleep in." George Fessl, who comes from Yugoslavia, recently had an accident and can no longer work, so now the family live chiefly on noodles and potatoes. "But I give them their vitamins every day. I buy a lemon and squeeze the juice on to lumps of sugar and they get one each." The family have been rejected for emigration on grounds of health.

left Paul Weisshaupt came to Astätt Löchen in 1945 as an officer in the Hungarian army. Here he was demobilized and being unwilling to return to an unfamiliar Hungary, stayed in the camp. At first he resumed his old, successful, career as a herbalist, employing other refugees to gather and dispatch herbs for him. But as times improved, people started to buy drugs instead, so now he lives in a tiny dark room piled high with musty parcels of herbs nobody wants. In 1956 Paul Weisshaupt was run over and had a fractured skull; now he has an unhealed wound in his head. "Sometimes I wish that God would take me, for I can't stand the pain much longer. When I get as hungry as a wolf I make some soup. Last time I fried some cabbage and beetroot and then stewed them in water. It was a very good soup."



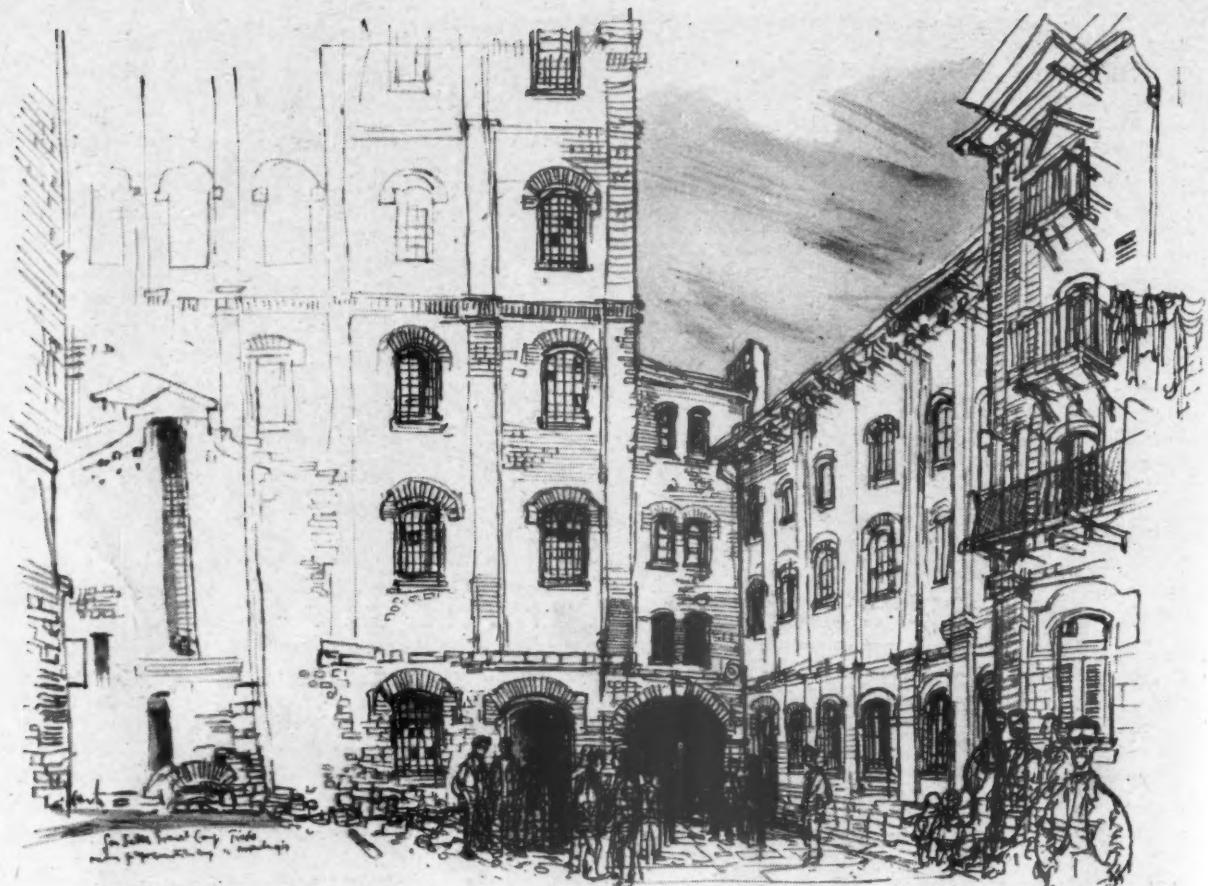
above Frau Rosalia Heiser is a Volksdeutscherin from Yugoslavia. She was a prisoner of the Russians, working in the Siberian coalmines for three years. *She is 44.* She lives in one of Austria's condemned camps, Camp Parsch outside Salzburg, and perhaps by the time this article appears a cheap flat will have been found for her and her family. The chief project of the U.N.H.C.R. Office for World Refugee Year is rehousing, particularly in Austria where there is more chance of refugees being assimilated, and where many prefer to remain so long as there is some hope

of being returned to their birthplace. But refugees who have been living in camps a long time are often uneasy about plans for rehousing them. They fear they will not be able to pay even a small rent, or repay the loan they must make to buy furniture. They are familiar with sudden sickness; their years of low diet have left them little energy; fifteen years without possessions or responsibility have sapped their independence. It will not be sufficient to rehouse them—they will need help and guidance until they remember how to make decisions in a world which is not confined by camp gates.



above In this plot of Salzburg Cemetery, among the elaborate Austrian tombstones, are the graves of ten Balkan refugees who have died in the eight camps which

surround the city. They are marked only by a bleak wooden cross, often carrying no more than the name and date of death.



above Refugees at San Sabba, in Trieste, live in a former Nazi concentration camp, and tramp the floor of a former gas chamber. The heavily-barred windows on the right guard the solitary confinement cells which are planned to be preserved as a national monument. The building facing was once the rear wall of the crematorium, and traces of the gas chamber chimney still remain on the left of the picture.

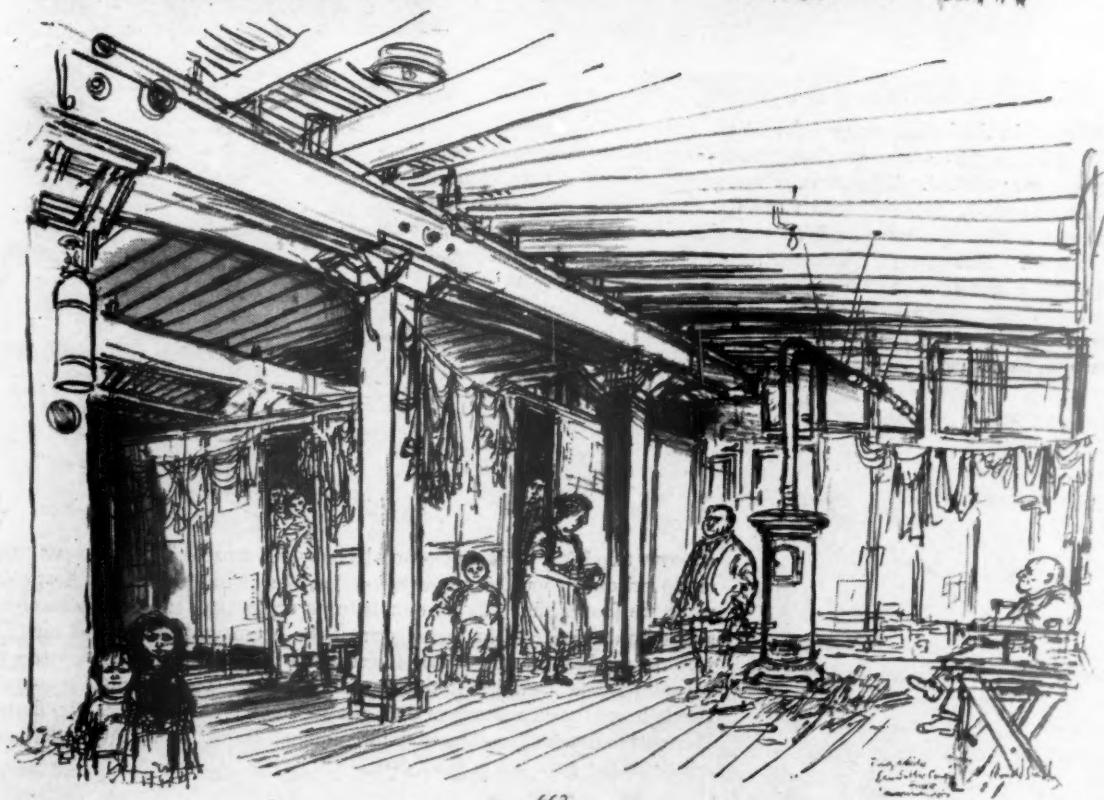
As at most Italian camps, refugees are free to leave the camp, but must have passes and return in the early evening. Since they have no labour permits, many refugees seek casual labour and accept half the usual wage in order to have money for cigarettes, extra food and clothes.

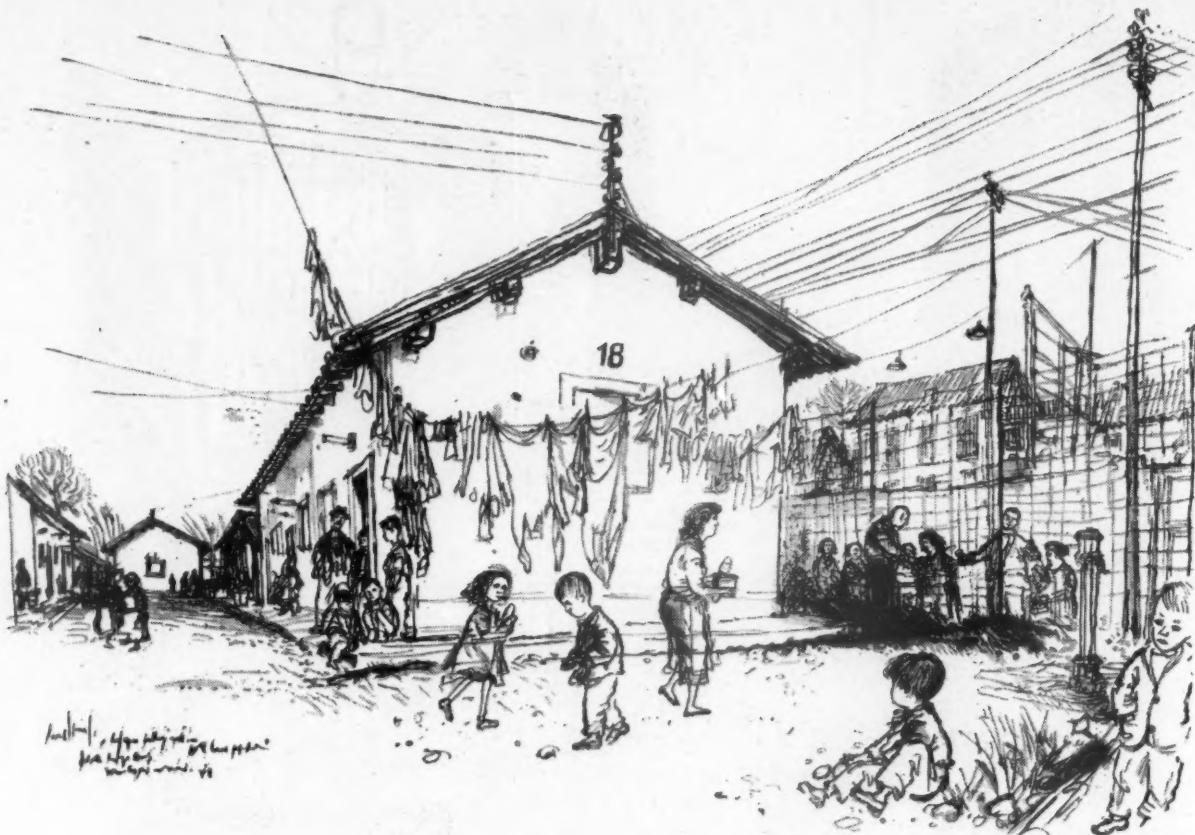
right above These young men, in exhausted sleep, are now recovering from their journey of escape, locked in police quarantine until their stories can be examined. If they are accepted as "eligible refugees" they may then join in the ordinary life of the camp.

San Sabba is now a place of "first asylum" for many refugees, for Hungarians who go first to Yugoslavia and then cross the mountains to Italy, and for Yugoslavs themselves, claiming political, religious or economic persecution. They cross the border either with the help of guides (some of whom later betray them), alone, or in groups, at the rate of 400 a month according to weather and conditions on the other side.

right below Although San Sabba is officially a "transit" camp, there are still many families living in the old warehouse which forms part of its buildings. Their "homes" are single rooms partitioned off from each other by thin board walls, with gaps at the top and bottom. They live four or five to a room and if they are lucky they have a window. If they are luckier still they are near the iron stoves which stand at far-spaced intervals in the dimly-lit passageway—the children's only playground through the winter months.

Almost all refugee children are well-behaved, trained to keep quiet and tidy and ask for nothing, since there is nothing they can have.





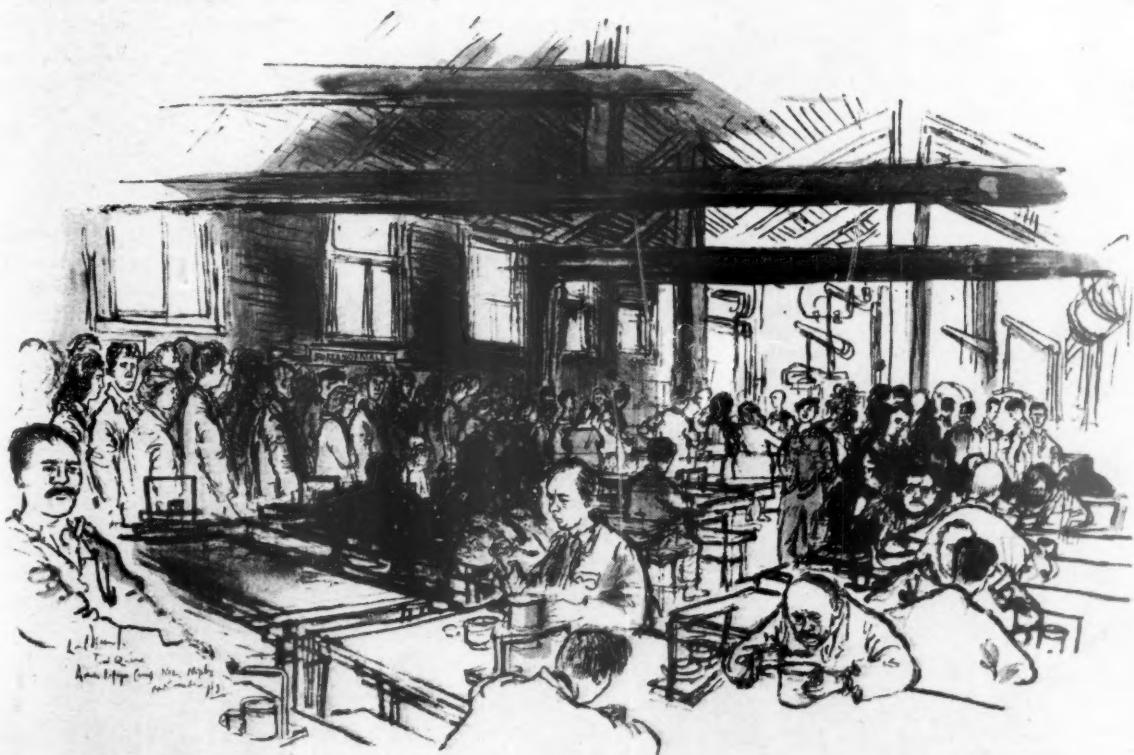
above In the Italian camps refugees are given food instead of money with which to buy it. In this way the authorities believe they can ensure that everyone is properly nourished. The portions are generous but the food is inevitably stodgy and boring. Meat is a luxury, the foundation being always some form of pasta and bread. But refugees need pocket money and many Italian nationals are hungry. This picture shows the illegal daily barter of food through the barbed wire enclosure at Aversa Refugee Camp, north of Naples.

Some of the children, and their parents, sell their daily loaf of bread or their portion of meat for a few lire (far less than it is worth), and spend the money on sweets, soap, coffee, paper, stamps, books.

above right This seven-months baby (Gianpaulo Tomic) whose parents are in prison for murdering his half-sister, was alone in the camp hospital hut when we found him. By now he is in an orphanage, and soon someone will adopt him in spite of his heritage, and the horror will be behind him. For who can say how far desperation to get out of the camp drove his eighteen-year-old mother and his father to their appalling deed? They pleaded in court that they believed the illegitimacy of their girl was spoiling their chances of emigration. If countries include illegitimate children in their list of "moral turpitude," surely a little of the guilt lies at their door.



Refugee Camp
Near Naples
A. M. 1959



Food Queue
Aversa Camp
Near Naples
A. M. 1959

above Food queue in Aversa Refugee Camp, near Naples. Food is served in the camps three times a day, at 8 a.m., 12 noon and 5 p.m., but camp dwellers often start queueing with their metal plates as much as an hour in advance. It is something to pass the time, and besides, the food when they get it will be hotter. Italian authorities are very concerned

about nutrition, do their best on inadequate budgets; and refugees get food in accordance with age and health. Expectant mothers and manual workers get larger portions, children and invalids get a less greasy diet. Families may take the food back to their room, but single men and women must eat at the wooden canteen benches.



left Christo Bogaitziev escaped from Bulgaria to Greece when he was 19. He is now 26. He has twice been accepted for emigration overseas, but both times excitement affected his reason, and so he lost his visa. Although he has been stable for more than a year, he no longer hopes for a third chance and would be content to be allowed to work and use his languages. In his seven years of waiting he has taught himself Italian, Russian, French, Greek and English. Now wants only a room of his own, enough books to read and a positive future. "What I can't endure is this in-between state."

below In Greece, a country grossly over-populated and desperately poor, the problem of the refugees is exceptionally delicate. The task of housing and feeding them, when there are thousands of nationals in equally bad circumstances, is appalling, difficult. Probably for these reasons treatment seemed harsher and conditions worse. As well as two camps full of foreign speaking aliens there are now 7,000 Ethnic Greeks, from Roumania and Russia, living as refugees in their own country. Some of them are housed in the huge decaying carcass of the ex-luxury Hotel Pappa, in the once chic seaside suburb of Piraeus. Inside the flaking building the great curved banisters sag away from the stairs and are tied back with ends of string, and children play by the ominous four-storey well-drop. The once elegant ballroom is marked off with cardboard partitions to make one-room boxes for families who must put their beds outside during the day in order to be able to move.





above In Greece, Bulgarian, Yugoslav, Albanian and other alien refugees are housed in two separate camps, one on the island of Syros, and the other in Lavrion, 55 km. south of Athens. Here they live in converted stables under close police supervision, are not allowed beyond the village and have roll call twice a day.

In the foreground is Velko Markofski, newly-arrived from Yugoslavia, aged 76. He has been in prisoner-of-war camps four times and was recently arrested in his village on suspicion of being a "royalist." He was warned that the next time he would not be released. "I wanted to end my life out of prison," he said, "so I took a train to a border town and then I walked. Once I saw a guard house so I stopped and said a prayer and then I ran on as fast as I could. The guard fired at me but missed."



above Strangest and smallest refugee group in Greece are 57 families of Assyrians, the last remnants of those who came (by roundabout means) from Mesopotamia in 1920. Recently all the able-bodied young people refused emigration because it meant leaving a handful of their sick and old. One of them was the old lady on the right whom they regard as a mascot. She claims to be 110 and wears purple Turkish-style bloomers under her black drapes.



above Two thousand of the seven thousand Armenian refugees in Greece have made shanty homes for themselves in the district of Athens called Dourgouti. Their flimsy shacks of old wood, flattened petrol cans, plaster, scavenged bricks, even old rugs and matting, often split at the seams

when the rains come, but soaring above them is the lovely indestructibility of the Parthenon, and each year some among them gaily forecast a miracle when "all this will be swept away and we shall have good dry houses." To rehouse this particular group would cost an estimated two million pounds.

"*If you condemn a person to death at least you tell him why."*

The tough, grey-haired woman of forty who said this had said it once before, storming into the office of the High Commissioner's representative in Vienna, after she had been notified that she and her family were not acceptable as emigrants to Canada. Her indignation and anger broke through formality and against precedent they told her—"Your husband is too old and your son too young."

"What must I do now?" she said, chopping wood for her tiny stove as though it were the selection board she had under her axe. "Wait for one to die and the other to grow up?"

Refugees are not a new problem, but in the world's last upheavals the stream of young refugees looking for relief and opportunity has become an avalanche, and the pipelines have become choked.

Inevitably most of the young and healthy have got through, welcomed because their strength, their training, their education, represent an economic gain to the countries who accept them. The ones who stay, silted up to live long years in camps which were intended as merely temporary asylum, are the sickly, the maimed, the "socially" unacceptable, and the

"uneconomic" units, all of whom have failed to live up to the stringent requirements of the countries they hoped would give them refuge. Most of them are in the last category.

"New Zealand wants to know if we have corns," one woman told me, and suddenly in the midst of our laughter I realized she was crying. Other enquiries on the medical questionnaire for many large countries of possible emigration include requests for information on "the specific gravity of urine" and whether the applicant has ever "suffered from chilblains."

General information requested is almost as daunting: addresses during the last fifteen years, addresses and names of last four employers, details of membership of all organizations, and ironically two copies of a good conduct certificate from the police in the last country of habitation.

No one over 45 is accepted in Great Britain, no one with lung trouble, hair infection or moral turpitude goes to the United States, no one less than 100 per cent sound mentally and physically to Canada, New Zealand or Australia. These were the harsh selective rules normally imposed on an applicant for immigration.

It is true there has recently been some relaxation, "special" schemes which offer new hope for a few dozen lucky



applicants to that country or this. Yet Sweden, as far back as 1948, offered to take 2,000 completely unfit human beings, and pointed the way in which the problem could be solved.

Slowly, cautiously, in this World Refugee Year, promises of more "Schemes for difficult cases" are being negotiated, but the naming of special requirements, however human in intent, produces its own difficulties. All of them can mean disappointment, as families discover somewhere amongst themselves a member who has just the one thing which will rule them out—a child with a glass eye, a mentally retarded daughter, a Muslim father who has been recorded as a "bigamist." The United Kingdom recently selected 200 difficult cases from twice as many applicants, and the despair of the rejected as they trailed back to the camps was pitiable indeed. In the long-term interests of national planning specific requirements and restrictions may have meaning and point. But they are incomprehensible to an individual whose mind is dulled by years of hopeless inactivity, or whose trust is weakened by years of unfulfilled promise of help.

What is needed to empty the camps this World Refugee Year?

The answer is deceptively simple. That every country should ease open its bureaucratic door and undertake to accept without "ifs" or "buts" a tiny percentage of sick, or economically useless human beings, to balance what they have gained from the others. A gesture of this nature on governmental level would gain active support. Individuals could provide the cash, care and patience needed to get a few thousand abandoned human beings happily established in a country they could call their own.

Some refugees may be ungrateful, unlovely, difficult. Some may turn out to have become permanent beggars. But if they are any of these things we have helped to make them so—by years of neglect and indifferent charity instead of positive help. It is a risk a nation can afford to take. For the children will flourish and put down roots, and the dank, dismal, hopeless camps of Europe will no longer be on the conscience of what we like to call The Free World.

Individuals and organizations willing to help should get in touch with
World Refugee Year, 9 Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.



Annual Report

J. B. BOOTHROYD'S Survey of 1959

INCIDENTS rather than events marked the passage of 1959: there were high words over Disneyland, Dame Margot Fonteyn was arrested in Panama, and Tommy Steele sang in Red Square, but hostilities were averted in each case and the year closed with the threat of world peace still hanging over Wall Street.

Apart from a report that Solomon Islanders were eating roast dog, **Animals** came off fairly well. Public tributes to the late Foxhunter exceeded anything that Colonel Llewellyn is likely to get when his time comes, and an American monkey, rocketed seventy miles up from Wallops Island, Virginia, was recovered from the Atlantic fit and well, if surprised. Animal lovers were relieved to hear that the Cape Canaveral space-travellers Hound-dog and Bull-pup weren't animals at all, any more than the Snark was. **Culture and the Arts** chiefly took the form of *Lolita* and scurrilous books by generals, subjects of harsh attack by those who hadn't read them and who felt that neither Dr. Zhivago nor General Sir Arthur Bryant should be allowed to go on writing. The British Medical Association sought to distract the public from a healthy preoccupation with wonder drugs and miracle operations by putting out a dirty work on marriage, but soon saw their mistake. Marty Wilde

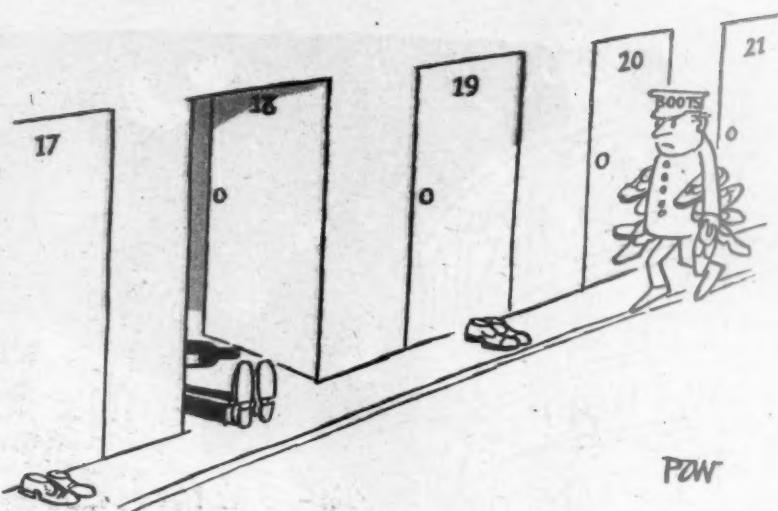
slipped in and out of the Army, Paul Slickey in and out of the West End. Disc-jockeys came unsmeared through charges of plugging "Tea for Two Cha-Cha." In the world of **Fashion** waists came back, stiletto heels made their mark everywhere, and wig hats gave way to hair-dos looking like wig hats, so that men could only tell them apart by pulling: but they could hardly point a finger, at a time when they were stuffing the ends of their evening ties out of sight and calling them cravats.

Industry and Commerce got on with making and selling motor-cars: these became smaller, and were mostly given away in newspaper competitions. Hugh Fraser bought Harrods, but denied changing a counter-placard from "Long Woollen Hose" to "Gay Tights." Breweries changed hands as fast as new labels could be printed, which wasn't very fast in the middle of the year, when the presses, unlike Mr. Bringshaw, fell silent. British Railways were gratified at how few jokes came out of the dining-car strike, especially in an era of Sick Humour, and much the same was true of **International Affairs**: what with Foreign Ministers tiffing at Geneva over whether they should deadlock at a square table or a round, and Chiang Kai-shek's January vow to retake the Chinese mainland before the year was out, laughs were simply lying



around waiting to be swept up. Even Alfred Krupp's plea that his properties were now too big to dispose of as promised, but that he would like another year to keep trying, missed being a real side-splitter. He, in a quiet way, qualified as one of the year's **People**, and should by rights have been photographed jumping. Maria Callas, Mr. Marples and the Duke of Bedford continued in celebrity status. Some stars waned, among them Pickles, Harding and Gerald Kelly. Others failed of firm establishment, so that those of us asked suddenly to name the new Postmaster-General, or identify Mr. Tsarapkin or Bernard Goldfine, blushed and confessed defeat. In the field of **Politics** Mr. Harold Wilson denied further territorial ambitions, Morrisons went to the Lords in couples, and rumour ascribed the reduced activities of the Empire Loyalists to their having been offered independence within the Commonwealth. Legislation included the Street Offences Act and the Park Lane Improvement Bill, probably linked only loosely. The Government neither confirmed nor denied that they were responsible for the fine summer.

Television and football played their part in **Religion**, when receivers appeared in the pulpits of certain enlightened clergy and were voted an improvement, while a record crowd rendered "Abide With Me" at Wembley. Lady parsons were mooted. Dr. Billy Graham preached on a text taken from London parks. The *Daily Express* carried Monday reviews of Sunday services and *Reveille* also bridged the gulf between



sacred and profane with an article headed "Frilly Bloomers Killed Prophet." The Bishop of Exeter had his crozier stolen by a man who tried to sell it in a public-house under the impression that it was a musical instrument. **Science** marched on and up, chiefly up, reaching the moon just in time to take the sting out of the disclosure that everyone on earth could be killed by $8\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of botulinus toxin, strategically distributed. Industrial researchers strove earnestly for something to follow the hula-hoop, but only came up with a refrigerator accessory for making ice in the shape of little naked women. Aeronautics scored a double first with the hovercraft and the ornithopter, though this last, being a man who flaps himself airborne by

muscle-power, should perhaps be filed under **Sport**, as might well be the wrecking of a Dagenham grandstand by teenagers trying to see television personalities playing in a charity soccer match, and the outbreak of long-distance walking (sometimes accompanied by tortoises), with which Britons reacted characteristically to their first high-speed motorway... if that doesn't spill over into **Transport**, there to rub shoulders with popular resentment at being evicted from Underground trains, and Mr. Heathcoat Amory running aground off the Isle of Wight; not to mention the rush between Marble Arch and the Arc de Triomphe, whatever *that* was all in aid of.

Much must remain Unclassified. Banks begged to lend, and built drivings as a persuader. Foreign fishermen landed on Harris by night, and stole sheep. Buckingham Palace sentries retreated before the Americans, a Malayan uranium-rush petered out disappointingly in what turned out to be a field of phosphate manure, and Dr. Nkrumah dined at Balmoral. *Punch* in an ill-advised fit of fun advertised ex-W.D. fruit-sexers and home taxidermy outfits, receiving many eager applications, some enclosing money. Coal stocks remained good. Mr. Khrushchev won the Lenin Peace Prize, and was last seen raising his sights for the Nobel. The date October 8 has a faint ring of significance, but whatever it was that happened then seems pretty dim and distant now.





"Should auld acquaintance be forgot . . ."

Winter Sports at Home

By ALEX ATKINSON

MY DEAR NEPHEW,—I am scheduled as one of the eight or nine inhabitants of this country who cannot afford to get away from it for a few weeks in the depths of winter and give themselves up to the pleasures attendant upon the simple or compound fracturing of their limbs in Davos or the Dolomites, but this never bothers me. There are winter sports to be enjoyed in England, at much less cost, if we will only use a little imagination and wear the proper clothes. (My own equipment this year includes an extra pair of longish drawers, a balaclava helmet, a powerful torch, a smog-mask, flying boots, cough sweets and a pair of tram-driver's gloves. This clobber might bring sneers in the Bernese Oberland, but for winter sports in the Home Counties it couldn't be more *rigueur*.)

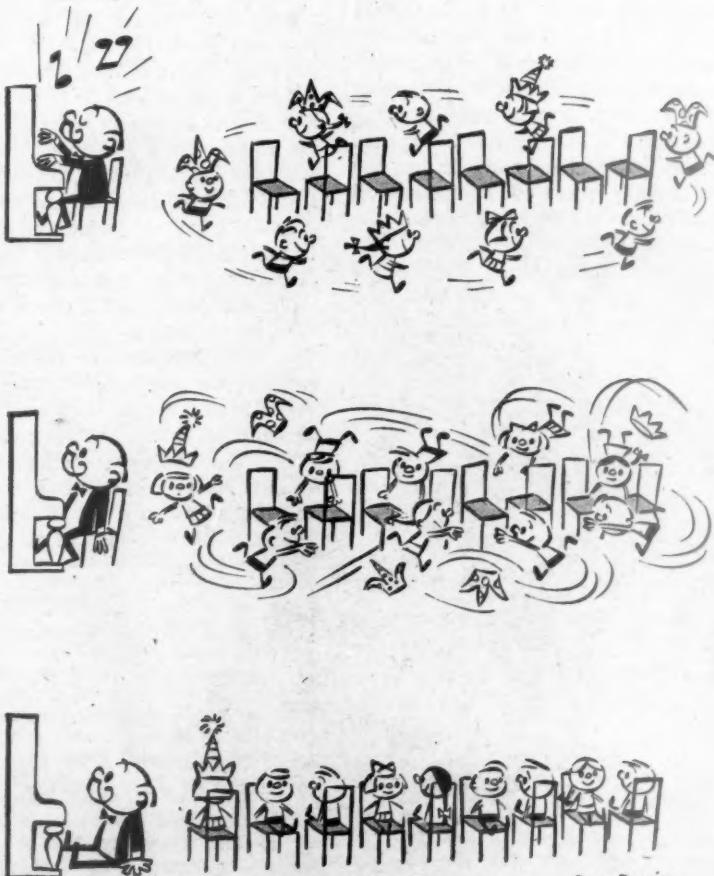
Experience has taught me that any ordinary English back garden can be transformed into a veritable winter wonderland, and I propose to outline for you just a few of the games I have played in my time. To begin with, if you are at all handy with tools, and familiar with the principle of the triple pulley (*Tromaoros*) as perfected by Archimedes, the construction of a ski-lift connecting the top of the coal-bunker with the roof of your house (or even of your neighbour's house) should present but little difficulty. With this device the kiddies can spend many a happy hour picking last summer's sodden tennis balls out of the gutter—and with all due respect that's more than they could ever hope to do at Zermatt.

The most characteristic feature of the English winter scene is fog, and when there is enough of this about I can thoroughly recommend a Suburban Slalom. Really *thick* fog is essential. The season properly extends from November to February but if the weather is kind the true enthusiast will rush out as early as October, or as late as March. (In low-lying districts I have even heard of them rushing out in April.) The rules are simple, although they have never been recognized by the *Fédération Nationale de Ski* because you

don't use skis. When the fog is at its thickest, the participants leave their homes unaccompanied, wearing long dark overcoats, mittens, and old hats, and make their way at a *brisk trot* to some agreed rendezvous. The first to get there unharmed needn't buy a drink all night. Marks are deducted for every obstacle dislodged, knocked over, bumped into, or brought down in a heap. (The official list of obstacles as drawn up by a second cousin of your Aunt Rhoda's in 1930 includes lamp-posts, newspaper-sellers, motor-bikes and sidecars under tarpaulins, canals, policemen, holes in the road, mounds of grit at icy crossings, carol-singers and ha-has. To-day I think one might also add parking meters.) Bonus marks are awarded for genuine abrasions. Players

are disqualified for (a) striking matches, (b) getting lifts in cars, (c) starting out *before* the fog descends, or (d) using seeing-eye dogs. Those who haven't turned up by closing time are assumed not to have come under starter's orders.

If there should happen to have been a fall of snow, and the approach to your house has more than a suspicion of a slope, it is a splendid idea to order a supply of coal and invite your friends round for an *Extricate-the-Coal-Wagon* Party. The scene as night falls will be as merry and action-packed as a Brueghel canvas. See the jolly coalmen trudging out of the nearby woods with branches! Notice the driver, slumped in his cabin after four and a half hours of getting the back wheels further into the muck every time he takes his foot



ROY DAVIS

off the clutch! And here are five guests with their shoulders heaving at the tail-board, and five more stamping and swinging their arms! Observe the thoughtful host, muffled to the eyes, bearing from the house yet another mug of steaming cocoa! There goes one favoured guest with a shovel, to clear a path through the slush; and here are two others on hands and knees, trying to wedge wet sacks under what can be seen of the front wheels! How musically the hostess calls from a bedroom window: "Left hand down!" How heartily the driver bellows his responses! It all makes a gay, traditional scene, and no-one who has witnessed it will ever again find anything entertaining in a lot of smocked, bare-kneed, cross-belted chaps rolling coins in plates and yodelling in the shadow of some alp.

Hunt-the-Wellington is a pleasant competitive family game, and has an advantage over most other outdoor sports in that it is played partly indoors. Choose a rainy day with a promise of sleet. Each member of the household having found his or her Wellingtons in the shed at the bottom of the garden, he or she proceeds to prove it by chipping away the mud to reveal the identifying mark scratched on the sole last spring. If any player now finds he has the wrong boots, or two odd ones, a misdeal is called, and the game begins again, the boots first being well shuffled. Next follows the game proper. Each player empties his boots on the lawn, and having sorted the contents, awards

himself marks on the following scale:—
 2 or more full-grown spiders 3 marks
 1 frog (dead or alive) .. 6 ..
 Robin's nest .. 10 ..
 1 or more daffodil bulbs .. 2 ..
 Over 4 oz. of leaf mould .. 3 ..
 Bits of lawnmower .. 2 per bit
 The player with the most marks then scrubs everybody else's boots.

Your affectionate

UNCLE.

P.S.—Excuse handwriting (child-blains). I have now read this through, and I see I have left out quite a number of sports, including a favourite of your grandmother's—Sprinkling Salt On The Front Step. Without in any way committing myself, I have also decided to make some inquiries about accommodation in St. Moritz. About how much is a small bob-sled?

Desperate Remedies

THE Lands Tribunal's decision to fix the rateable value of Lord's at £9,000 has come as a shock to cricketers. "We have not," says the Tribunal's report, "envisioned any hypothetical tenant for Lord's." I suggest that there are many sources of a much higher revenue than is now obtained.

1. The National Coal Board. Was it not once the declared ambition of the Labour Party to see the N.C.B. flag fluttering above the Pavilion? Would not their achievement of this ambition at such a critical stage in the affairs of both bodies be interpreted throughout the country as a gesture of defiance, a symbol beneath which the divergent forces of Mr. Douglas Jay and the National Union of Mineworkers might be united? The Pavilion itself might be a liability, but might be converted into a pleasant hostel (with lawn) for retired Coal Board officials.

2. The Metropolitan Police would jump at the notion of so large a car pound in an area completely inaccessible by motorists stranded in South London. (With the further attraction, if the scheme proved successful, of the Oval as a pound for cars towed away from congested districts north of the river.)

3. The Case of the Vanishing Racecourse offers another line of approach. St. John's Wood is by tradition a residential area. Population densities and building lines would have to be investigated before deciding how many flats could be erected, but if it can be done at Hurst Park it can be done here, very profitably. It might be possible to obtain planning consent for a block of offices.

Here a thoughtful touch would be to allow the Test wicket to be kept intact, on the lines of the Mithraic Temple now preserved by the owners of Bucklersbury House.

I have no space to consider (a) acquisition by the Football League as a summer headquarters now that soccer has established itself as an all-the-year-round game; (b) the suitability of the area for mass demonstrations of a more genteel character than those at Trafalgar Square; (c) compulsory acquisition by the L.C.C. as a rocket site.

Some carpers may point out that all these suggestions make it impossible to play cricket again at Lord's. This is not a progressive way of looking at the problem.

— KEITH STYLES

GOOD THINGS TO COME

A NEW year, a new calendar, a diary as yet barely blemished. What are we all in for in 1960? Can we be sure of anything? Yes. PUNCH once a week. But only if we make sure. PUNCH can reach you by post from us, by boy from the newsagent, by lucky chance from the bookstall. To be certain of getting your personal antidote in fifty-three irresistible doses, ORDER PUNCH Now, and face the New Year with a certain smile. Subscriptions: Great Britain and Eire £2 16s.; Canada (By Canadian magazine post) £2 10s. (\$7.25); Elsewhere Overseas £3 (U.S.A. \$9.00). Write to: Department ED., PUNCH, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4. U.S.A. and Canadian readers may remit by cheques on their own banks. Other overseas readers should consult their bankers or remit by postal money order.



"Would you mind removing your hat?"



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Appreciating Oley Fyedoseyev

By PATRICK RYAN

ANXIOUS to improve, I pick up my wife's *Observer* when I have drained my Sunday small-sheets. Not that it does me any good. I usually finish up with my guilt-complex emphasized and wondering just how I got so disengaged about all those portentous matters.

Naturally I follow any advice I can comprehend, and I was grateful to find this simple and direct snippet telling me that "the 23-year-old Russian Oley Fyedoseyev at Nalchik added over 4½ inches to last year's hop, step and jump record by Oleg Ryakhovskiy with 54ft. 9½ins. This is best appreciated by imagining traversing more than the length of the longest London tube carriage, touching the floor only twice."

I reflected on this instruction as, suffocated and pinioned, I travelled to work on Monday. I don't know how much hop-step-and-jumping Oley Fyedoseyev has done in Russian tube carriages, but unless he's a grass-hopper he'd be lucky to make the odd 4-inch in my daily underground train. He'd reckon it a beautiful morning on our line if nobody's beard got jammed in his mouth.

They kept me busy that morning and I was unable to find a quiet minute to devote to the appreciation of the bounding boy of Nalchik. But after lunch all was peaceful, and I sat down in my office and tried my best to imagine traversing the longest London tube carriage and only touching the floor twice.

I suffer from insomnia because my dead-beat imagination can't even

conjure up sheep. And it never got out of the traps on this railway assignment. The only thing it could summon to my mind's eye was this great pair of buffers from an early Emett engine, as Freudian a pair of sex symbols as ever I saw.

I closed my eyes in concentration, knitted my brows, gripped my chair, and drummed my heels like a medium, but I never managed to visualize even a tiny tube-carriage by Fabergé, never mind the longest one in London. This important chap with the library glasses who already has his doubts about me came in.

"Are you having a fit?" he asked hopefully.

"No," I said. "I was just thinking. Hard."

He made a note in a little black book and went away.

I got back into my trance, but it was no use. I'd even lost the sex symbols now and all my imagination could raise was a bloodshot desert drifting with kidney-spots. It was clear that I was not going to appreciate the feat of Oley Fyedoseyev in the abstract. The only alternative was to try it in the concrete, to experience what it was like to traverse a tube carriage touching the floor only twice.

I went to Holborn Station and selected a train with the longest carriages I could find. Being early afternoon there were only a dozen people in it. To get the full vista, I sat on the miserere at the front. It looked a fair bike-ride to the other end.

Since I am six-feet-seven and lissom, I thought I would try a hop. Just to get



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ROY DAVIS

some idea of how far it would take me and to give my torpid fancy something to bite on. I stood up and adopted a right-foot hopping position. It was difficult to maintain balance with the train swaying along the tunnel and I felt like a stork on a trampoline.

We stopped at a station, I steadied myself, bounced once or twice, and took off. The train started while I was in mid-air and I flew a surprising distance, about five seats up the aisle. I might have gone farther had not a middle-aged lady in the sixth row glared up at me. The look she gave me would have stopped Oley in his tracks.

I finished recumbent and a man helped me up.

"All right, mate," he said. "You sit down and sober up for a while."

I felt self-conscious now and afraid to try another leap until the lady got out. Next look, and she might have gorgonized me. One by one, all the other passengers left, but she stayed on

until we ran out of the tunnels and into the green fields. At last we pulled up at a station so far out it looked like Adlestrop. She got up and left the train. At the door she hesitated and looked back at me as if she expected me to accompany her. But I was having none of that lark; I was out on serious research, self-improvement, and there was no time for dalliance.

Having the place to myself I got down in a sort of hopper's crouch in the aisle, using the backstep as a starting block. A porter passed by, peering into the carriages, while I was so engaged on the floor. A whistle blew and the train took off before I could: So I sat down to await the next station.

We ran off through a siding and then into a vast tube-train garage. The engines died and all was silence. Determined to see the thing through, I got back into my crouch . . . braced my back foot . . . coiled up to full pressure and sprang off in a great kangaroo hop

of twelve feet or more . . . veered sideways, lost control, landed all askew and sprained my right ankle . . . My head clunked back against the steel of the seat and I came to rest, dazed and spread-eagled in the aisle.

The doors hissed open; a uniformed inspector and a thin sad man with a broom came in.

"Aye, aye, Charlie," said the inspector. "Another of 'em. I thought we was done with them sit-down strikers."

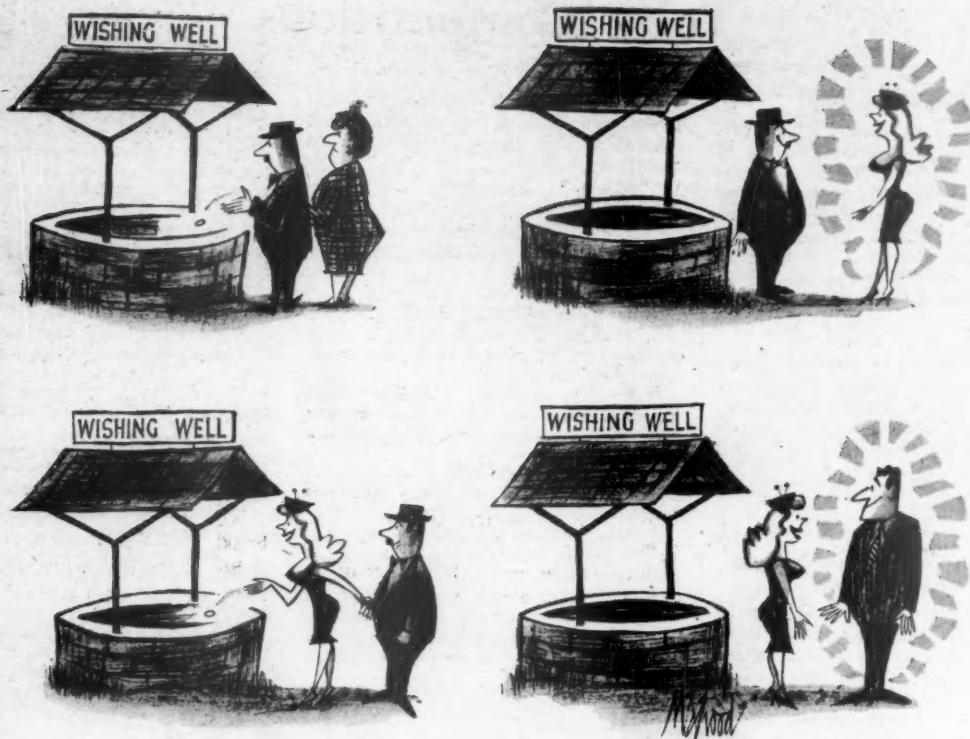
"The 'ard core, that's what we're down to," said Charlie. "Just the 'eads, the fanatics left now. That's what 'e is, a fanatic."

The inspector took out his notebook and came over to me.

"All right now, chum," he said briskly. "You've sat down for your rights. Now let's have your name and address and excess fare, if you please. Baker Street, I suppose it was, they told you to get out of your train?"



"You've played before, of course?"



"I am not a sit-down striker," I gasped.

"You're not? Then what are you doing 'ere?"

Lying at the feet of a man with a peaked cap and black boots, my head lately bludgeoned, I felt like something out of Kafka. And I was still muzzy about the brain.

"Oley Fyedoseyev," I said. "Hop, step and jumping. I sprained my ankle appreciating the new record at Nalchik."

"A nut case," said Charlie. "If ever I heard one."

"But his ankle's coming up like a balloon," said the inspector. "Better get the stretcher out."

They bore me away through the ranks of sleeping trains to First Aid, and as usual, someone telephoned my wife. She came in her motor-car and took me home, pouring out her routine of For-God's-Sake type questions. I explained in laborious detail the train of events and the connection between hop-step-and-jumping, the London Transport Executive and Oley Fyedoseyev of Nalchik, but she didn't seem to understand, and just kept bawling at me to keep out of her paper in future and get the hell back to my strip-cartoons.

Anglo-Saxon Attitude

Khrushchev's "special toast" calls for peace and friendship between nations irrespective of colour, race, creed or custom.

I'M going to like the Worcester men despite their frightful perry, and I intend to drink their healths in Pearmain-type port-sherry. I'm going to love the Cornishmen, however mean and nasty, and if I absolutely must I'll chew a Cornish pasty. They can't make Cambridge sausages in Cambridgeshire to-day: what right have I to criticize, who loathe them anyway? I'm going to praise the Shropshire lads. Who am I to condemn their readiness with rope and knife, their bloody hands and them? I'll cry "What cheer" to Geordies, too, with all the scowling faces going along the Scotswood road after the Blaydon races. Why does a chicken cross the road? Comedian, tell me why—and if you come from Lancashire I'll roar at your reply. Eat all, drink all, pay nowt, sweet Tykes: the rest of us are dense: we do admire your manners, but deplore your innocence.

Oh, I never met a Welshman yet I truly thought a thief—and I will ask one to my house, when we are out of beef. It's prejudice declares the Scot is aft more fause than fou'—and I will gladly drink with ane, when askit sae tae do. I never found an Irishman I did not wish to strike—but I cannot hate the Irish for the love of Pegeen Mike; and lastly for all Londoners a very special cheer—but even in the Cause, my soul, I will not drink their beer.

— R. C. SCRIVEN

Toby Competitions

No. 94—Relax, Boy

A JUVENILE psychiatry kit on sale in America includes a glossary of psychiatric terms, a bottle of sweets labelled "tranquillisers," a manual of dream interpretation, and instructions for converting Mom's ironing board into a consulting couch. Supply an extract from an American or British juvenile psychiatrist's case-book; limit 150 words.

A prize consisting of a framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up will receive a book token to the value of one guinea. Entries by first post on Friday, January 8, to TOBY COMPETITION No. 94, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 91 (Bedside Manner)

Competitors were asked to set a paper for medical finals on the Doctor-Patient Relationship. Standards were even and winners "bunched." Some very medical entries were unintelligible to the lay setter and aroused grave suspicions. It

was nice to find that doctors suffer from patients as much as patients suffer from doctors. The winner of the framed PUNCH original is:

MRS. M. J. SINGLETON
14 SPROTLANDS AVENUE
WILLESBOROUGH
ASHFORD, KENT

Attempt Question 1 and 4 others.

1. Discuss "The success of a practice is measured by the number of healthy people who attend surgery regularly."

2. Prescribe tactfully: *EITHER* "Fresh air and exercise" for an obese business man; *OR* "Soap and water" for a young girl with spots.

3. Discuss the advisability of disclosing minor symptoms of which the patient is unaware.

4. Describe how you would examine an unco-operative child who has armed himself with your hypodermic.

5. The ideal bedside manner is abrupt and strictly clinical. Give your views.

6. Compare orthodox teaching with any medical advice you have seen recently in the non-medical press.

Runners-up are:

1. How would you ascertain whether a patient's medical knowledge had been gathered from (a) Emergency Ward 10; (b) Reader's Digest; (c) Doctor in the House? Describe your approach to each type.

2. You discover that a particular patient turns out to be a better diagnostician than yourself. How would you retrieve the situation whilst retaining the patient's confidence? Give two or three clinical examples, with jokes where necessary.

3. Compose a suitable calming homily for (a) an elderly crusted Tory with gout who is volubly opposed to the Health Service;

(b) an excitable doctrinaire Socialist with delusions who considers your ministrations as one of his rights.

E. C. Jenkins, 41 Redlands Road, Penarth, Glam

1. "What seems to be the matter?"
"That's what you're supposed to know."

Suggest three replies.

2. "We don't want to scare Aunty, so could you just drop in on Saturday about eight and have a look at her without her knowing?"

Discuss this possibility.

3. Give (or choke back) your first reaction to the following:

"Mother's precious doesn't like doctor-man."

"She wouldn't let us send this morning because you are so busy but when it got to midnight . . ."

"Our last doctor was more of a friend, you see . . ."

"If you are bad he'll take you away in that bag!"

M. A. Slee, Fritillary House, Ducklington, Witney, Oxon

Your patient simply will *not* remain quietly in bed. If he's not hanging from the picture-rail by a meat-hook through the collar of his pyjamas, he'll be sitting cross-legged in the washbowl balanced on a bed-post. Yet he swears that he *is* in bed. Should you

1. Humour him, getting into the bowl as well (or finding another meat-hook), before inquiring about his symptoms?

2. Pretend he isn't there, and treat an imaginary him *in* the bed?

3. Smile nervously, duck out again, then pop your head over the top of the door and exclaim, "Mousetrap!"?

Miss G. Prince, 87 Green Lane, Addlestone, Surrey

As a visiting doctor, you must be prepared for the unexpected. How should you proceed if your patient chances to be

1. Invisible and desperate, as Wells's Dr. Kemp found Griffin?

2. In a hypnotic trance, from which he informs you, in a terrible hollow reverberant voice, that he is *dead*, as in the case of Poe's M. Valdemar?

3. A foetal ape grown to maturity through consuming raw carps'-guts and aged 201 last January, as Aldous Huxley's Dr. Obispo found the Fifth Earl of Gonister?

4. Your own *alter ego*, as Dr. Jekyll found Mr. Hyde?

R. A. McKenzie, 28 Harold Road, Beulah Spa, London, S.E.19

1. Describe the origin of the word HARLEY and its therapeutic use.

2. Discuss the mode of presentation of Television Cases. What steps would you take to withhold your identity?

3. Discuss the significance of CLICKING sounds on the automatic telephone.

4. Write short notes on the modern attitude towards:—(a) A police officer who has stopped you for speeding. (b) The use of the front-seat stethoscope in Pink Zone parking.

5. Compare and contrast the use of imperturbability and masterly inactivity on the undiagnosed patient.

No extra marks will be given for legible handwriting.

Emmanuel Lee, 26 Ivor Court, Gloucester Street, N.W.1

Book-tokens to the above and to:

L. Goldman, 2 Newborough Road, Shirley, Solihull; Dr. René Dantlo, L'Hôpital de Mogenore, Moselle; Mrs. M. H. Hughes, 23 Cherry Garden Lane, Folkestone.



"An unsigned letter addressed to the cast of James Brabazon's play, *People of Nowhere*, produced at St. Thomas's Church, Regent Street, said: 'Many thanks for an excellent and most moving performance.'

Enclosed was a cheque for £100, a contribution to World Refugee Year."

Evening News

Anyone sign that?





For Women

ONE hundred and thirty-four years ago Miss Stevens took the name part in the opera of *Aladdin*. It was, we are reassured, a "most feminine" performance. It was also original, for one spectator emerged "all black-and-blue" from the *première* at Drury Lane. It had been quite a squeeze "on the first night of the Lady's appearance in trousers."

From the days when William IV's Mrs. Jordan strode the boards in her

Boys Will Be Girls

buckskin breeches to the days when Sarah Bernhardt played Hamlet, Princess of Denmark, to the present day, when Marlene Dietrich sports top hat, white tie and tails, actresses have rather liked to act men. But it was, we are told, in Victoria's day, when piano legs were covered, and no nice person called a leg a leg, that the Principal Boy came into her own. The pantomime, which had just been the tail-piece of an evening, now became the *raison d'être* of the Christmas theatre. The scenes were increased from one to a dozen, there was at least one lavish transformation per evening, plots were burlesqued and sexes reversed, the comedian was the dame and the hero (oddly enough) became an actress in fleshings.

And whatever Chesterton snapped later about young girls in tights destroying the fine romantic sense of the fairy-tale, the Victorians adored their Principal Boys from the moment the first of them stepped on stage at the Lyceum in 1852. Authority accords the honour to Miss Ellington, Prince Sylvan in *The Good Woman in the Wood*; and from that historic, unforgettable, unforgotten moment, the Principal Boy has never looked back. By the time

Aladdin was staged at Drury Lane in 1874, the women just swept the boards: Victoria Vokes played Aladdin, Rosalind V. the Princess, and Jessie V. the Genius of the Lamp. There was only just room it seemed, in this cast of feminists, to squeeze in their brother Fred as the wicked magician.

How deliciously Victorian the Victorians were! The "bright, dashing hero" of Drury Lane a few years later was Miss Ada Blanche, who had "played many parts during her sojourn in this vale of tears." (It is good to learn that, despite her earthly existence, she could "inspire a feeling of joy" in spectators of *Bo-Peep*.) But, according to *The Pantomime Annual*, even the dashing Ada was eclipsed by the celebrated Miss Fannie Leslie. Miss Leslie had toured America, where she had been the first "to introduce the now well-worn skipping-rope dance. She was thus a heroine of two hemispheres." Small wonder that she was

soon climbing beanstalks on the London stage, and "was hailed as the best all-round Principal Boy that had been seen for years." Small wonder that she outdistanced her competitors! Miss Minnie Palmer, who might have competed, had long ago "broken down from over-excitement"; Miss Victoria Lytton, as Will o' the Wisp, was still working traps in *Sinbad the Sailor* at Cardiff. Miss Alice Maydue, the sprightly hero, wooed and won Morgiana in vain at the Grand Theatre, Islington; Miss Hetty Chapman, as Robinson Crusoe, sang "Caller Herrin'" in vain at the Elephant and Castle. But none of them was a real *jeune premier* (*première*?). The principal

Principal Boy was Fannie Leslie. On Boxing Night, 1891, Fannie Leslie became the toast of London pantomime. And when, "in a really gorgeous robe," she strode on to Drury Lane stage as King Dulcimer, *Humpty Dumpty* was absolutely made. Were the *danseuses* electrically illuminated in the Ballet of Flowers? Did the properties really include "a cat of huge proportions and of Japanese extraction"? Did the transformation scene truly realize "a luscious dream of beauty"? Well, nobody really cared: they were dreaming of Fannie Leslie.

And, somehow, the Principal Boys of those days still tickle public fancy. They've got something that posterity hasn't got. Well, I mean, our Principal Boys may climb beanstalks better, and cut more ice at Wembley, but give me Fannie Leslie! Give me Birdie Sutherland (no bantam-weight) in her wasp-waisted, hour-glass doublet and strap shoes! Give me Harriet Vernon, that magnificent creature, who showed her ample figure as generously as the tights and "trunks" of her day allowed—or, should we say, encouraged. Her hats were immense, her feathers innumerable, and I'm sure she filled the theatre up to the very gods with the smell of lavender or of attar of roses.

And her acting? Well, that hardly matters. That's really beside the point. She only stayed at Drury Lane for two years. She demanded a salary the same size as her figure.

— JOANNA RICHARDSON

Blind Spot

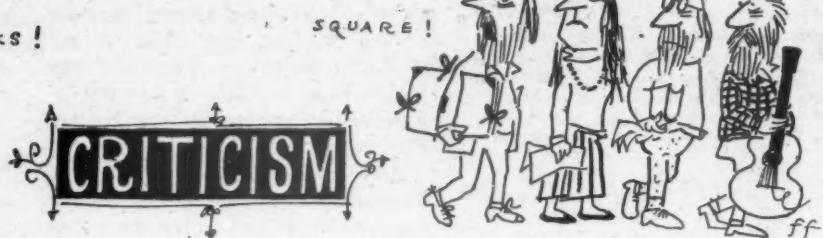
BY nature a complier, I
Keep off the grass; my head? I
mind it,
Lock up my cheque-book, pass right
down,
And leave the bathroom as I find it.

I check for tension when I knit,
Post early, and stand clear of gates,
I send no money, use block caps,
And park this side on even dates.

Thus docilely do I comply,
Yet to one error still I tend,
Finding on packets, far too late,
The caption "Open other end."

— MARGOT CROSSE





BOOKING OFFICE

New Novels

The Torrents of Spring. Ivan Turgenev. Translation by David Magarshack. *Hamish Hamilton*, 15/-
Goodbye, Old Dry. Dan Cushman, *Hodder and Stoughton*, 15/-
Sacrilege in Malaya. Pierre Boulle. Translation by Xan Fielding. *Secker and Warburg*, 18/-
The Nunnery. Dorothy Charques. *Murray*, 18/-

MRS. MAGARSHACK's new translation of Turgenev's love story, *The Torrents of Spring*, ought to produce the same reaction as this week's other novels, "I've met it all before," but it doesn't. This is the world of the romantic ballet. A Russian traveller glimpses an Italian beauty whose parents keep a pastry-cook's in Germany. He woos her quickly, fighting a duel over her even before she has jilted her fiancé for him. Then, while negotiating for the sale of his estate to provide capital to extend the parents' shop, he is maddened and seduced by a wealthy Russian woman. The great love is soiled and

destroyed. He lives another thirty years or so, but his life is broken. Here everything is from the heart, the golden heart that makes the traveller risk all for a girl just met, or the base heart that makes him prey to an obsession for a woman he knows is betting with her husband on his seduction.

The charm is, of course, reinforced by all sorts of irrelevant emotions evoked by memories of illustrations one saw as a child, tunes in musical-boxes and large phrases like "moonlight" and "broken hearts" and "the Slav melancholy." It is not a great work of art, though it is a cool, translucent one. It is not much more than very minor Turgenev; but it is the province of hedonism to rescue minor art from the severity of critics: and what a chilled, astringent entertainment it is, fresh limes in the limelight, bitter-sweet crystal, tears carved like cherry-stones.

Good-bye, Old Dry follows a generally enjoyable formula, the descent of a glib financial wizard on a small community. I enjoyed this tale of a dying Montana township which is talked into elaborate and confusing schemes for prosperity

based on the estimated population increase of a mink farm. It is a blend of *Ukrige* and *The Passing of the Third Floor Back* in reverse. This brisk, humorous novel has a clear-sighted purpose efficiently carried out, and manages without any fuss to tell the reader quite a bit about Montana in 1921, human nature, and the real basis of wealth.

Sacrilege in Malaya ought to be better than it is. It is a study of an organization-mad French rubber company and makes the same jokes about charts of organization and repeated changes of elaborate plans over and over again. The war causes a slight victory for the practical men; but when fighting is over the mystique of system wins back the ground it has lost. Yet, though the writer's interest and amusement and vehemence do carry you along, it is with increasing protests. The immediacy and anger are undisciplined and the amusement is too shrill.

The Nunnery is a disappointment. I have not read Mrs. Charques's other novels but they have been praised by reliable reviewers. This one is quite a fair historical romance of the kind one used to meet before the historical novel grew up. The love of the heiress imprisoned in a nunnery on the eve of its dissolution and the courtier who cleaves to the party of Anne Boleyn is set about with heavily brocaded period detail—the sweet English countryside, the shining Thames, the foxiness of Thomas Cromwell and a bearded minstrel who sings "O misery me." I found I quite enjoyed ambling along at the pace of, of course, a palfrey. However, if you ignore the writer's reputation and the historical novels you have met since the war, you may enjoy this more than you expect when you begin. The tale moves along steadily and there is plenty of variety.

— R. G. G. PRICE

THESE LOOKS SPEAK VOLUMES

A Panorama of Publishers



15. ROBERT LUSTY

BORN 1909. After a brief spell on the *Kent Messenger* and a long illness joined Hutchinson's in 1927, a cut above the office boy but unpaid. Complained after three months and was awarded two pounds a week. Five years later was given subsidiary company, Messrs. Selwyn and Blount, to look after "as a hobby." Met Mr. Michael Joseph and joined him when he started his own firm in 1935. Chairman of National Book League 1949-53, and responsible for part it played in The Festival of Britain. Three years ago was invited to return to Hutchinson group as Chairman and Managing Director. From being responsible for publication of some forty books a year now controls an output ten times as great.

BLOOD COUNT

Passage of Arms. Eric Ambler. *Heinemann*, 16/-. Pleasant, globe-trotting American businessman becomes involved in arms-traffic and revolution in Indonesia. His innocence amid the ramifications of oriental business and politics land him and his wife in horrifying but enthralling imbroglio. Enormous and convincing cast of all nations handled

with magnificent expertise. Funny at times, too. Very good indeed.

Maigret and the Reluctant Witnesses. Simenon. *Hamish Hamilton*, 12/6. Aging, ailing, harassed by a young examining magistrate with new-fangled ideas, Maigret investigates a shooting in the house of a family of decayed biscuit-manufacturers. Nobody will tell him anything, but he finds out just the same. Solution not especially satisfying, but otherwise well up to standard.

Mix Me a Person. Jack Trevor Story, *W. H. Allen*, 12/6. Young Ted, in stolen car, becomes involved with shooting of policeman. Female psychiatrist, specializing in teen-agers, is convinced of his innocence, and enlists help of his fellow customers at La Paloma coffee-bar. Plot skips about rather maddeningly, and characters, especially wish-fulfilling psychiatrist, seem machine-made, but conversations and incidents are excellently done.

Payroll. Derek Bickerton. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*, 12/6. Gang make highly-planned attack on armoured van carrying factory payroll, and get away with it at the price of killing driver. Then they start to eliminate themselves. Suspense up to robbery appalling; thereafter tension slackens.

Death by Treble Chance. E. G. Cousins. *John Gifford*, 10/6. Colonel Barne of the W.O. that credible officer, unearths enormous blackmail-and-murder organization victimizing winners of football pools. The murderers seem to be very lucky except when they try to silence the colonel, but it all makes easy reading.

Take Only as Directed. James Byrom. Chatto & Windus, 13/6. Doctor, from lying to provide alibi for ex-girlfriend, finds himself and wife involved in much murder, drug-addiction and general nastiness. Quite amusingly done, despite finishing with a confession.

— PETER DICKINSON

OTHER NEW BOOKS

The Life of John Middleton Murry.
F. A. Lea. Methuen, 30/-

"Jack can't fry a sausage without thinking of God," cried Katherine Mansfield explosively. *"Your floor would be bloody basalt,"* chuckled H. M. Tomlinson, when Murry read him his poetry. "Have you," queried Arthur Koestler maliciously, "got a new religion up your sleeve?" In this sensitive, detached, yet most sympathetic biography Mr. Lea gives us the whole tragic-comedy of Murry's life—the "betrayals," the orgiastic self-pity and self-dramatizing, the moral imbalance, the mental flirtations (with Lawrence, pacifism, the I.L.P., Anglicanism, rural utopias, even with Hitler's "New Order"). At first sight it is a distressing picture. Yet in the end Murry, all passion spent, comes through, a battered Tiresias of the emotions who, when all is said, did write at least four very good

books. In the 1920s Murry seemed the most perceptive literary critic of his generation. By the 1930s he had become a bad joke—"the best-hated man of letters in the country," as his then-disciple, Mr. Rayner Heppenstall, put it. Mr. Lea, who has lately written an excellent study of Nietzsche, gives us the Nietzschean redeeming and questing side of Murry. It may well be that Murry's sneering contemporaries (some of whom have reviewed this book) have not yet heard the last of the man whom they so long ago dismissed.

— 1 N B R

**The Court of St. James's. E. S. Turner.
Michael Joseph. 21/-**

It is often said that the most interesting part of history books is the footnotes. Footnotes have a way of giving some piquant crumb of information and going no further; but Mr. Turner has examined the history of the Court over the last thousand years at footnote level, and from all this accumulated gossip has drawn a picture of it considerably more vivid and comprehensible than it generally appears. The extent of his researches must have been enormous, and all this learning is presented with a throw-away gaiety which makes the book as amusing as it is informative. It is hard to imagine anyone who knows about this book not wanting to read it. One thing is evident: the current attitude of uncritical reverence towards the Court is quite untypical of the British, and is in itself the best possible testimony to the way in which Court affairs are carried on to-day.

— R. A. Y.

CREDIT BALANCE

New Theatre Magazine. Published by the Green Room Society of the Drama Department of Bristol University, 2/-. First number of an interesting quarterly aiming to speak for university dramatic clubs and the better reps—in other words for intelligent theatre outside London. Controversial, non-parochial.

The Bed-Sitter. Yvonne Mitchell. *Barker*, 9/6. Pleasant skate over the surface of a tale about young, diffident German refugee who loves unsuccessful English actress from a distance, and doesn't get her in the end. Nice on loneliness, but reflections on twentieth century malaise and suffering unsophisticated and unreal.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Piccadilly Circus

UNLESS you're professionally concerned with architecture or town planning you've probably been very confused by the public inquiry into the rebuilding in Piccadilly Circus.

You may be wondering what all the fuss is about. Worse buildings than the one under fire have been put up in the City of London and in other parts of the country. So why worry about a clumsy, sign-crazy office block in Piccadilly,



"1960, 1960, 1960, 1960, 1960, 1960,
1960 . . . "

Circus, an area with no buildings of historic or architectural interest? The answer is that if we don't worry about such things we shan't ever have any more buildings of historic or architectural interest; and anyway, Piccadilly is as good a place for good buildings as any other.

These monuments might be no worse—as architecture—than the buildings they replace. But the present Piccadilly Circus is something better than a ring of mediocre buildings. It has a feeling of enclosure—a quality that can only be called “atmosphere,” and it would be a pity to destroy it. Every building that goes up in the Circus ought to be part of a master plan devised to improve that quality. Such a plan should include new ways of handling people and vehicles so that the Circus can become a piazza, a market place for Londoners, where pedestrians can enjoy being pedestrians and car drivers can enjoy the unusual sensation of continual movement.

How could this be done? Some people think it's impossible. They can see only two alternatives: on the one hand a Circus made up of ugly buildings satisfying the greedy needs of rapacious landlords, and on the other hand a Utopian scheme devised by a benevolent and fabulously rich local authority. Because they know the London County Council is unlikely to acquire the money needed to buy, build and lease in Piccadilly, they expect the wicked landlords to do their worst.

But landlords aren't all wicked, and some of them are quite intelligent—even if they don't know anything about architecture or town planning. Most of them would probably co-operate with the London County Council if it produced a master plan it really believed in.



It may not be too late for the Council to revise and use the excellent plan it has almost disowned.

Two independent groups had a big say in the Piccadilly inquiry. The first, a bunch of art students who call themselves the Anti-Uglies, proved they are not just undergraduate exhibitionists by lobbying M.P.s, persuading expert witnesses to go to Westminster, and appearing at the inquiry. And the Civic Trust, a less aggressive organization with good financial backing (£40,000 a year in gifts from industry and commerce) turned its attention from the important anti-Subtopia work it is doing through amenity societies all over the country to the Piccadilly inquiry, where it provided the only Q.C. to represent the case for the "prosecution." Better still, since the inquiry was held a number of architects, planners and journalists have formed a group that will meet regularly to discuss the best way of keeping Piccadilly-style monsters at bay.

This is all immensely encouraging. If you still think it's a lot of unnecessary fuss you may think again when a monster threatens the bottom of your garden. When the time comes don't forget that a letter to the Anti-Uglies (c/o the Royal College of Art), may get you a free, rabble-rousing demonstration and a letter to the Civic Trust (79 Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1) will result in advice and/or financial and practical help. — KENNETH J. ROBINSON

AT THE CIRCUS

Bertram Mills (OLYMPIA)

IF I am quite honest about the circus, it is seldom the horses, superbly educated though they are, or even the jugglers, though they may dazzle me into an ecstasy, that represent my peak moment of pleasure, but generally a few happy seconds in which all the springs of comedy seem to overflow at once. They came, this year, with the Ghezzis, three lunatics from France, who suffered a routine series of accidents with a plank that were passably funny, before the miracle occurred. Then the fattest of the three, a man with electric eyes that he switched on when in the grip of deep

emotion, climbed purposefully to the top of an enormous stepladder standing adjacent to an outsize lamp-post. Very slowly and seriously he began to sway backwards and forwards until, losing his balance, he saved himself at the last possible split-second by hooking his cane round the lamp-post. It sounds simple. It was. It was bliss.

Very nearly as funny, the Francescos are a team of Italian clowns who persuade extraordinary noises out of wind instruments before turning out to be very accomplished musicians. I still think the Mills Circus is short of comedy turns, but these two are first-class.

To most people the circus seems to mean horses, and this year the Schumanns are back from Copenhagen, with glistening animals that have all taken their doctors' degrees in ringcraft. The Ten Carolis must have the largest and best padded beasts in the world; I surmise Percheron crossed with Clydesdale, and just a tinge of hippo.

I thought that for sheer skill the Five Villains beat the band. They juggle Swedish clubs to each other almost faster than you can see, as if across an invisible tennis net.

There are elephants, and tigers, and doves, and poodles, and the usual traffic of intrepid acrobats in the roof. I liked Atilana, who must have been born on a wire; she skips, and somersaults, and I am sure could easily go to sleep on one. Of all these performers in their great variety, it seemed to me that a twenty-two-year-old lad named Alfred Burton was earning his living the hardest way. Doing a short-arm balance on top of a high ladder, he tortuously piles under each hand bricks thrown up to him by an assistant. And to make things really difficult for himself he commits calculated fluffs. I found him rather fascinating in an aggravating kind of way.

— ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PLAY

Aladdin (COLISEUM)

IT used to be thought at Christmas that what children wanted to do was laugh. Makers of pantomimes engaged the ripest music-hall funnies they could find and saw to it that they had ample material for calamity, in pie-strewn bakers' shops and kitchens where everything was thoroughly explosive. I liked that, and so did the children. But for some time the move has been away from laughter and towards adult sophistication, as if parents had become the more important customers. Now, in this *Aladdin*, all pretence that it is for children seems to have been abandoned. A pantomime in name only, it is really a superbly-accoutred American musical that goes all out for spectacle and ballet and makes scarcely any attempt to amuse us. The book is deplorable. Cole Porter is badly off form in the lyrics. The one concession to

pantomime is a Widow Twankey, for which Ronald Shiner is obviously miscast.

But taken simply as a feast for the eyes this is a staggering evening. Robert Helpmann producing, with Loudon Sainthill doing the décor, is a sufficient guarantee of good taste. Mr. Sainthill has been let loose in a big way and the results are not only magnificent but lovely. In scene after scene for three solid hours he gives us astonishing effects on the most lavish scale, until personally I felt punch-drunk with it all.

REP SELECTION

Northampton Rep, *Dick Whittington*, until January 23rd.

Gateway, Edinburgh, *Rob Roy*, unspecified run.

Queen's, Hornchurch, *Jack and the Beanstalk*, until January 16th.

Civic, Chesterfield, *French Without Tears*, until January 2nd.

In his dresses he plays all kinds of tricks in the gradations of colour; tricks which play into the hands of Mr. Helpmann, who groups the chorus exquisitely. His choreography is as far above the usual pantomime standard as is Mr. Sainthill's décor; Anne Heaton gives a splendid lead to a most accomplished team of dancers.

Cole Porter's music serves, though not out of his top drawer. Doretta Morrow makes a fetching Princess, and sings well. Bob Monkhouse, an affable young man, plays Aladdin, and Alan Wheatley gets nearest the feeling of pantomime as Abanazar. But just to show you how seriously the story is taken, it is two whole hours before he comes back to steal the lamp.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

A Clean Kill (Criterion, 23/12/59), exciting new crime play. *Make Me an Offer* (New—23/12/59), cockney musical about a flea-market. *Treasure Island* (Mermaid—23/12/59), Benn Gunn eats cheese again.

— ERIC KEOWN

AT THE OPERA

Cavalleria Rusticana and *I Pagliacci* (COVENT GARDEN)

IT was these two pieces which, decades before State wet-nursing of music, paid touring opera companies' rent and kept the chorus men and ladies in bottled stout and cigarettes at eightpence for twenty. They were money-getting drudges, the breath of a thousand nostrils. Accordingly they were despised in high places. In opera only those pieces are respected by the upper echelons that average 30 per cent capacity. Pieces that pack 'em in are soiling to the soul.

Such was the received opinion on *Cav* and *Pag* as they were called. It is pleasant to see a producer put his foot

through received opinions. Franco Zeffirelli is one of those universal talents of the Italian school who design sets, decree costumes, produce down to the last shrug and pout, and get credit for working the lights even. He sets *Cav* in a steep Sicilian street whose very stones smell of baking, breeding suns. When the villagers come out a minute or two after dawn, bringing amphoras to the fountain, hanging carpets (surely a bit too rich?) for airing over wrought-iron balconies and piling into painted carts hauled by glossy, painted ponies, the whole thing becomes the most absorbing Cooks' ad ever dreamt of. We mentally count our travellers' cheques and gladly forget Mascagni's music which, pretty ropy to begin with, was worsened on the first night by indifferent singing all round, tenor notes that were not so much scooped as dredged and conductor's tempi that harried the singers instead of helping them.

The first act set of *Pag* was a scenic masterstroke of a different sort—a squalid encampment on raw waste land outside a small Italian town of the 'nineties. (Both productions were precisely dated by the men's wing collars and the women's leg-of-mutton sleeves. The wardrobes are winners.) Strong and well dovetailed acting and singing from top to bottom of the cast were abetted by Bryan Balkwill's conducting. In Geraint Evans (Tonio) we have so capital a baritone in the Italian manner that most Italian-born practitioners might as well stay home. — CHARLES REID

AT THE PICTURES

On the Beach—*Ben-Hur*

THE two big ones in London for Christmas are well calculated to mop up between them practically the whole filmgoing public. *Ben-Hur* will get the fans down to the very simplest minds, and even the people who see a film only once in two years or so; for the more thoughtful customers, and for anyone able to appreciate cinematic merit, there is *On the Beach* (Director: Stanley Kramer), which I found quite intensely absorbing. The opening scene, before the credit titles, shows a plain sequence of actions in a submarine preparing to surface; there are only brief orders followed by the clicks and bangs of machines and instruments as they are adjusted, but the authority of a true film-maker can be felt at once, one's attention is gripped utterly.

The scene is Melbourne, 1964; an atomic war has been fought and somebody won it, but everybody lost it—the earth's northern hemisphere is heavily radioactive and the only surviving human life is in Australia. There, they know they have just about five months before the drifting cloud of fall-out arrives and wipes them out too. The characters with whom we are concerned react to



Julian Osborn—FRED ASTAIRE

[On the Beach]

this situation in various ways, most of them basically escapist. The submarine commander (Gregory Peck) whose wife and children were lost in America finds some comfort in pretending they are still alive, half-identifying a new girl (Ava Gardner) with his wife; she herself is drinking too much; the scientist (Fred Astaire) concentrates on his passion for motor-racing; the young husband (Anthony Perkins), deeply worried about the fate of his wife and child if he should be away at the fatal moment, manages to get a painlessly killing drug for them before it becomes a general government issue—but she still unreasonably hopes, and refuses to consider using it . . . The submarine cruises to the Arctic to test a theory that radioactivity may have diminished there, and to the west coast of the U.S. to find the source of certain meaningless radio signals, but returns without good news. At last it leaves again, because most of the crew have voted that they would rather die at "home."

Any such brief summary must give a false impression, because the detail is so important, and I want to emphasize how much stimulating pleasure the film offers. There are moments of astonishing lightness and even comedy that are not in the least out of key or out of character. The people who find it "depressing" must be those who had never before even considered its basic idea—well implied by the scientist, who observes that what doomed men was their decision to defend themselves with a weapon that couldn't be used without suicide. It is a thought that most people of imagination have been living with for years, and the fact that this brilliantly made and absorbing film may help to

get it over to the others offers real hope. At the end I felt cheered and stimulated, not depressed.

I was going to say that *Ben-Hur* (Director: William Wyler) has the dubious distinction of being the first film of its kind that I have been willing, although not eager, to sit through to the end; but it really deserves more respectful treatment. There are certain important sequences and episodes, notably (of course) the chariot-race, that are handled quite superbly. Nobody could beat that race for sustained excitement, and I don't think anyone could resist it.

It has always been remembered as the spectacular climax of the story, but I had forgotten it was also the true dramatic climax, being the occasion of the hero's long-pondered revenge on the villain. *Ben-Hur* the Jew (Charlton Heston) and Messala the Roman (Stephen Boyd) were friends in youth, but quarrel when they meet again long afterwards; at once they are bitter enemies and soon *Ben-Hur* is off for three years as a galley-slave, hating all the time . . . but not becoming in the least brutalized physically. However, in this kind of work there's no point in looking for anything but the simplest characterization: the people don't develop or change, they are essentially symbols involved in great events. And the great events here are very impressive indeed, almost certainly much more efficiently spectacular than most of them were in reality. The processions, the great sea-fight with the Macedonians, above all that magnificently-managed chariot-race—these are the real strength of the picture. As I've implied, I have no taste for films of this kind and would never choose to go



Superintendent Lockhart—RAYMOND FRANCIS

Sergeant Baxter—ERIC LANDER

Charles Lacey—RICHARD VERNON

[No Hiding Place

to one; but enormous numbers of people love them, and there has never been a better-made one than this.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Career is a very well done though fundamentally artificial picture of the New York theatrical jungle, in which a young man (Anthony Franciosa) is so determined to be an actor that he will do anything; good satire with soft spots. Also in London: a very bright little British comedy, *Desert Mice* ("Survey," 23/12/59). Others of interest include *Anatomy of a Murder* (14/10/59), *Charmants Garçons* and *Persons Unknown* (both 2/12/59), *Les Amants* (11/11/59), *The Savage Eye* (25/11/59), *The Horse Soldiers* (16/12/59), and *Babette Goes to War* (25/11/59).

Releases? They're playing safe and obvious for the festive season. The only one written about here, not exactly favourably, was Norman Wisdom's *Follow a Star* (23/12/59).

— RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

Favourite Copper

I HAVE always found Raymond Francis the most acceptable of all the little screen's regular sleuths, and I am glad to see his new series, "No Hiding Place" (A-R), settling down satisfactorily. There is no doubt that television brings us too much crime—this is inevitable, because crime provides

quick, easy formulas for stories, as does the semi-mythical Wild West. I do not object to the preponderance of detection thrillers because they corrupt the young, or depress the aged, but simply because as a steady diet they soon become as boring and predictable as rice pudding. Worse—they often seem to be parodies of themselves. However, since there seems to be an insatiable demand, I suppose cops will continue to chase robbers across our screens for as long as television remains the nation's number one drug, and we must make the best of it. Mr. Francis, as Det.-Chief-Supt. Lockhart, has more room to breathe in this new series of fifty-five-minute programmes than in the days of "Murder Bag," and his activities are not restricted to the investigation of capital crimes. These are both advantages. There is less evidence of television cramp and rush and make-do-and-mend. The stories, written by a variety of authors and not always handled by the same director, are nicely varied, and played in good solid settings, with characters who have time in which to come alive. Mr. Francis is always believable. He is an economical actor, and therefore well suited to the medium, and his Lockhart has deservedly established himself as an old reliable television friend.

It is heartening to be reminded now and then that there are people in English television who are seriously striving to invent and apply new techniques for the medium. I was delighted, for instance, by the Langham Group's production of

"Mario" on December 15. This was a play based on a Thomas Mann story, and from the writing and the treatment it was obvious that Anthony Pélissier and his Group had never lost sight of the fact that they were working not for the stage, not for the cinema, but for the good old little screen. By their efforts they made that same little screen seem bigger, and I found the whole production exciting. Not quite all the experiments came off for me, and there was now and then a sign that the *avant garde* fever was becoming a little self-conscious—but how heartening it was to see these experiments tried—to find people reaching out boldly beyond the limits of "safe" TV drama, and daring to make us really look, really listen! I hope the BBC will be brave enough to encourage this band of pioneers still further, and to hell with the angry letters.

The ATV chiller serial, "The Voodoo Factor," is evidently Channel 9's answer to the Quatermass saga. I was never a Quatermass fan, but I am bound to say that this present offering falls some way below the standards set by the adventures of the intrepid professor. I can't deny that the idea of people turning into spiders is absolutely splendid, but it would make much more spine-tingling entertainment if overtones of melodrama were not allowed to creep into some of the performances. Dead pans and controlled underplaying pay the best dividends in science-fiction drama. I hope too that something has been done about Dankworth's background music since the last episode I saw. I'm not at all sure it was appropriate in mood: but even if it was, it was far too loud, and not very subtly integrated with the action. I tend to lose track of things when dialogue is drowned by drums and saxophones, and I never think that helps.

Robin Day is proving a lively and welcome addition to the "Panorama" team (BBC). His hasty filmed report from Egypt a couple of weeks ago was brash, penetrating, funny, and wonderfully unpolished. It will be a pity if this chirpy investigator is ever tamed and made to learn the rules of "Panorama" decorum. Incidentally, I got a kind of perverse pleasure out of Mr. Dimbleby's hushed and reverent commentary on a live outside broadcast film of the Regent Street decorations. I kept hoping he might be led in his solemn enthusiasm to refer to "this great street." When at last he did, my festive season was made.

— HENRY TURTON

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